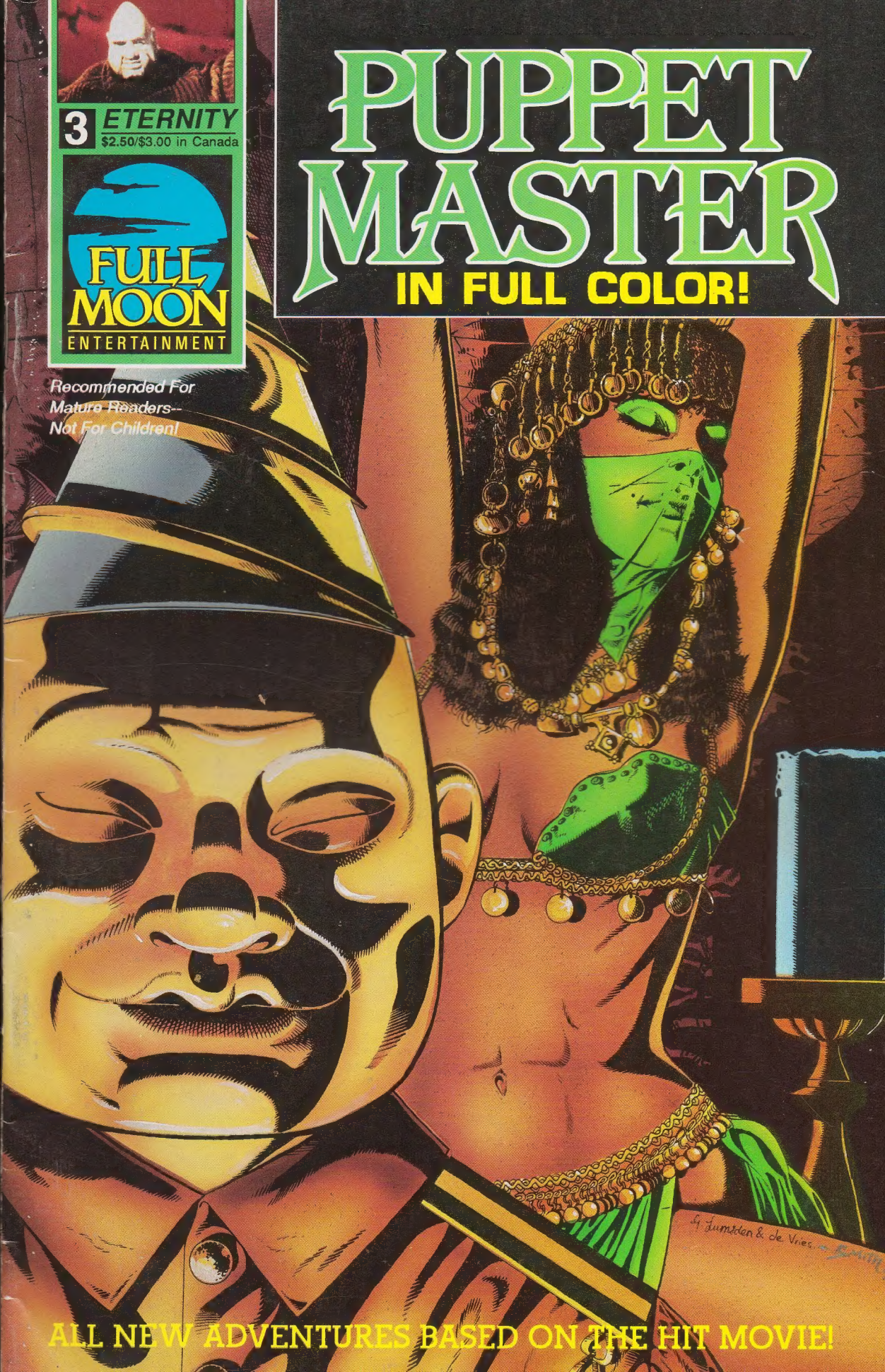
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PUPPET MASTER
IN FULL COLOR!
by Jumpston & de Vries
ALL NEW ADVENTURES BASED ON THE HIT MOVIE!

PUPPET MASTER

All New Adventures Based On Characters And Situations Created In The Hit Movie

David de Vries
Script
Coloring

Glenn Lumsden
Artwork
Lettering

Tom Smith
Cover Coloring

Dave Olbrich
Publisher

Chris Ulm
Editor-In-Chief

Mickie Villa
Dan Danko
Editorial Assistants

Tom Mason
Creative Director

Special thanks to
Charles Band *and* Mickey Kaiserman

Comics Aren't Scary? Yeah, Right.

Comics aren't supposed to be scary. It's supposed to be beyond the range of the medium. Movies can be scary because you, the audience, have no control over what you will see next or the speed at which things happen. You are at the mercy of the filmmaker. With a comic, you can see the murder on panel six while you're still reading panel one. You can stop, flick through to the end, go off and get a drink...There are a hundred ways to break the spell.

Comics aren't supposed to be scary.

So why, then, does the world of *Puppet Master* give me the creeps?

The answer, I believe, is in the question: *The Puppet Master* has created its *own* world, a world in which each gun shot matters, each conversation is important, each action has its reaction and no character is so supremely in control that they are ever truly safe.

This impression I got from Dave's script affected me profoundly. I no longer wanted to be just "the illustrator." I wanted to be "co-story teller," I gladly have forsaken lots of artsy-fartsy layouts and designs and meaningless up-the-nostril poster shots. They're fine for covers, but how often are they used by artists to show off, to the detriment of the story and, ultimately, the reader? Isn't the illustrator just breaking the spell in order to say "Hey, look at me, not the comic"?

I want the world of *Puppet Master* to be visually as realistic, consistent and grown up as the written story. I want the characters to be recognizable for their physiognomy, not just generic comic book square-jawed types. I want furniture that looks real, in rooms that could exist. I want the puppets to be a genuine menace. I want the spell to stay unbroken.

Comics not scary? I wonder...

Glenn

Tanunda, 1991.

Our Story Thus Far: With Andre Toulon, the "Puppet Master," dead by his own hand, the search is on for his deadly puppets and the secrets they hold.

PUPPET MASTER #3 (of 4)
March, 1991. Published monthly by Eternity Comics, a division of Malibu Graphics, Inc., 1355 Lawrence Drive #212, Newbury Park, CA 91320. 805/499-3015. $2.50/$3.00 In Canada.
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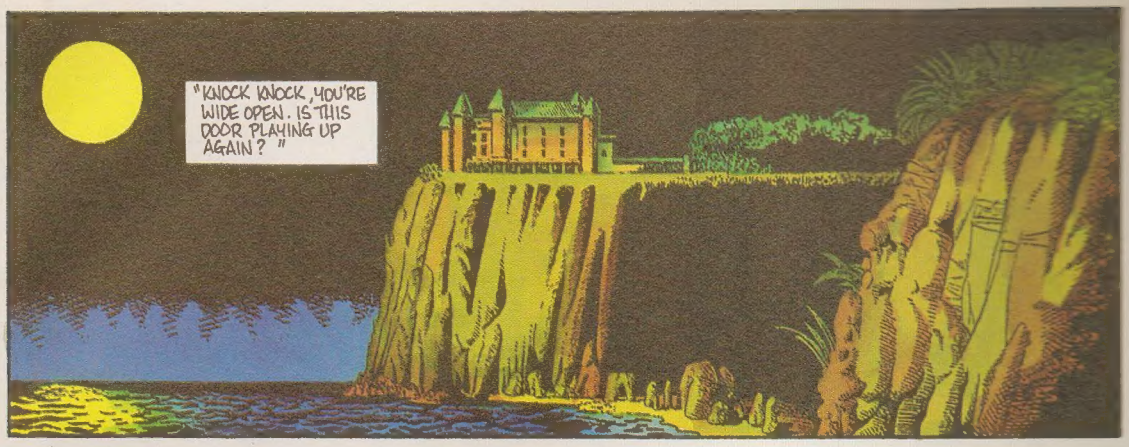

"KNOCK KNOCK, YOU'RE WIDE OPEN. IS THIS DOOR PLAYING UP AGAIN?"

I HOPE YOU'RE DECENT, I JUST POPPED UP TO SEE ABOUT THE...

"... OH CHRIST!!

"WHAT... WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE?!"
... PUPPETS...
"WHAT?!?"

AAHHH!!

DIARY

DIA

ANDRÉ TOULON
"THE PUPPET MASTER"
B. MAY 1st 1877
D. MARCH 15th 1939
"LOVING HUSBAND OF ELSA"
R.I.P.
SHUNK
"BY POURING THE FINAL SYRUP OF HUMAN BRAIN TISSUE INTO THE PUPPETS' MOUTHS...
"...I AM ABLE TO GRANT THEM THE GIFT OF LIFE...
THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ABILITY TO ANIMATE OBJECTS..."
"REANIMATION"... THE DEAD RETURNED TO LIFE...
IS IT POSSIBLE?
OH YES... IT'S POSSIBLE
IT'S VERY POSSIBLE...
GREETINGS COUSIN...

BOOK III

THE ANUBIS LEGACY

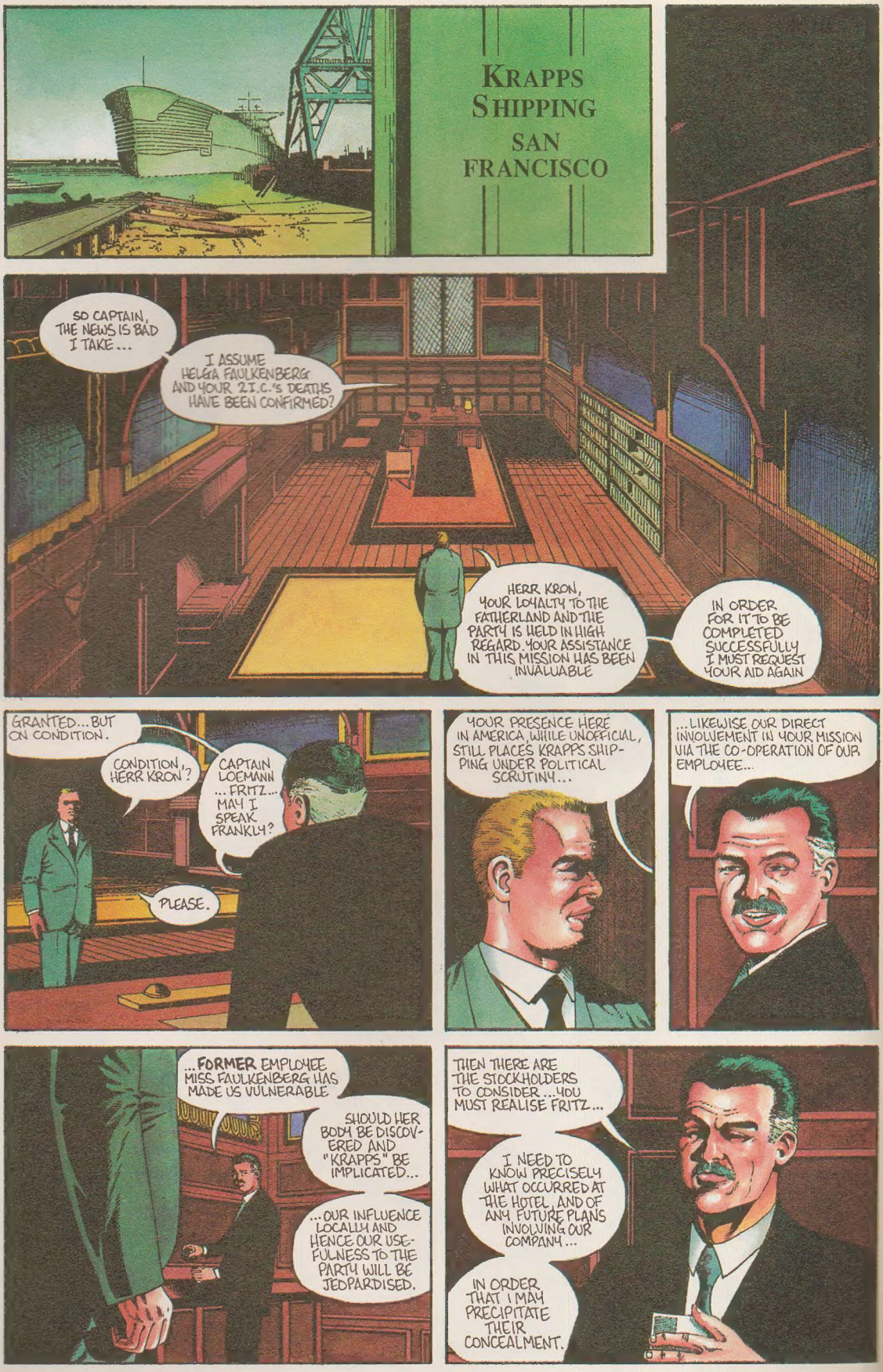
An essay of death and destruction

by

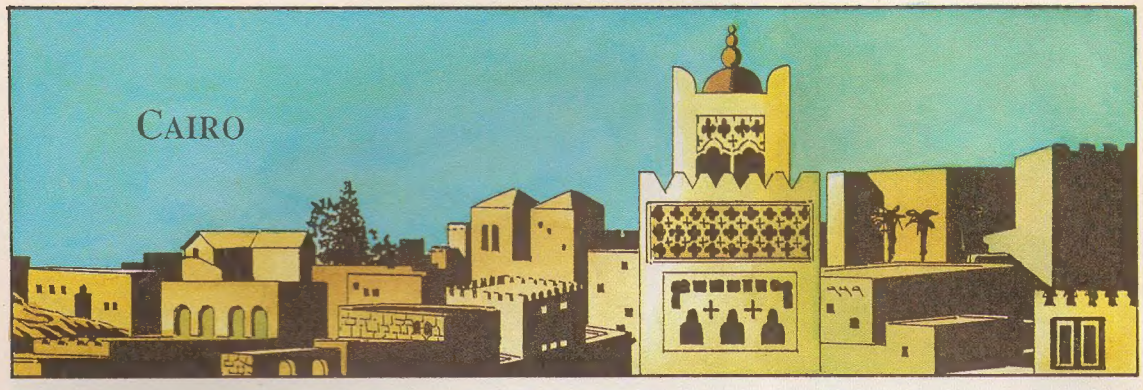
David M. de VRIES

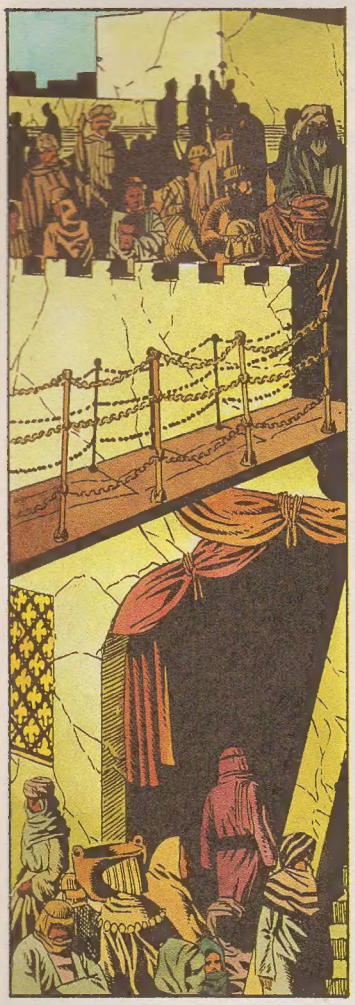
and

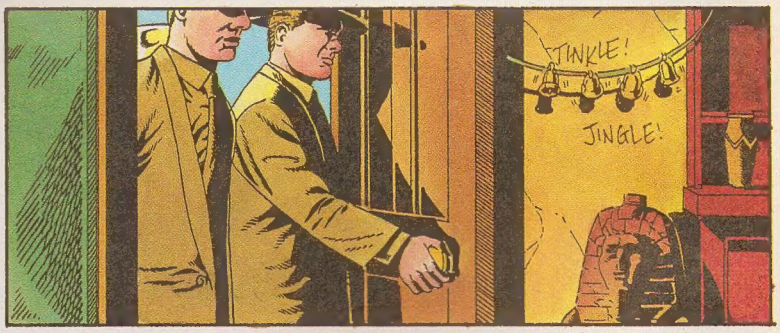
Glenn LUMSDEN

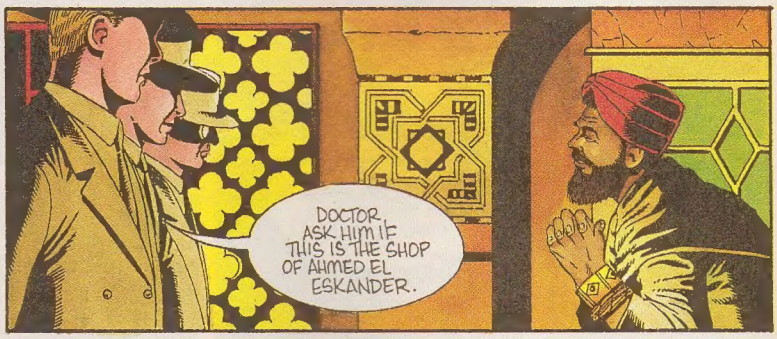

KRAPPS SHIPPING SAN FRANCISCO
SO CAPTAIN, THE NEWS IS BAD I TAKE...
I ASSUME HELGA FAULKENBERG AND YOUR 2 I.C.'s DEATHS HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED?
HERR KRON, YOUR LOYALTY TO THE FATHERLAND AND THE PARTY IS HELD IN HIGH REGARD. YOUR ASSISTANCE IN THIS MISSION HAS BEEN INVALUABLE
IN ORDER FOR IT TO BE COMPLETED SUCCESSFULLY I MUST REQUEST YOUR AID AGAIN
GRANTED... BUT ON CONDITION.
CONDITION, HERR KRON?
CAPTAIN LOEMANN ... FRITZ... MAY I SPEAK FRANKLY?
PLEASE.
YOUR PRESENCE HERE IN AMERICA, WHILE UNOFFICIAL, STILL PLACES KRAPPS SHIPPING UNDER POLITICAL SCRUTINY...
...LIKEWISE OUR DIRECT INVOLVEMENT IN YOUR MISSION VIA THE CO-OPERATION OF OUR EMPLOYEE...
...FORMER EMPLOYEE MISS FAULKENBERG HAS MADE US VULNERABLE
SHOULD HER BODY BE DISCOVERED AND "KRAPPS" BE IMPLICATED...
...OUR INFLUENCE LOCALLY AND HENCE OUR USEFULNESS TO THE PARTY WILL BE JEOPARDISED.
THEN THERE ARE THE STOCKHOLDERS TO CONSIDER ...YOU MUST REALISE FRITZ...
I NEED TO KNOW PRECISELY WHAT OCCURRED AT THE HOTEL, AND OF ANY FUTURE PLANS INVOLVING OUR COMPANY...
IN ORDER THAT I MAY PRECIPITATE THEIR CONCEALMENT.

...I SEE...
...VERY WELL, HERR KRON.
AS YOU KNOW, MISS FAULKENBERG... HELGA... AND HANS WERE SENT UNDERCOVER TO THE BODEGA BAY INN...
...SOME 100 MILES SOUTH OF SAN FRANCISCO.
THEIR MISSION WAS TO SEARCH FOR THE DIARY OF ANDRE TOULON... SOMETIMES KNOWN AS "THE PUPPET MASTER"
TOULON, COUSIN OF THE HOTEL'S OWNER, DIED BY HIS OWN HAND FIVE WEEKS AGO WHEN HANS AND I ORIGINALLY ATTEMPTED TO APPREHEND HIM.
BEFORE HE DIED, HE HAD HIDDEN THIS DIARY AND HIS PUPPETS SOMEWHERE IN HIS ROOM...
TWO WEEKS AGO HANS AND I MANAGED TO ENTER THE ROOM SECRETLY AND DISCOVER THE HIDING PLACE, A PUPPET CASE CONCEALED BEHIND A WALL-PANELLING
BUT SOMEHOW TOULON MANAGED TO BOOBY-TRAP THE CASE. THE PUPPETS CONCEALED WITHIN, UNDOUBTEDLY OPERATING BY SOME CLEVER CLOCK-WORK MECHANISM, ATTACKED US.
ONE GAVE ME THIS.
WITH ME INJURED, I HAD HANS RETURN WITH HELGA POSING AS A MARRIED COUPLE.
THAT SAME EVENING THEY DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE.
TWO DAYS AFTER THEIR DISAPPEARANCE I RETURNED TO THE HOTEL AND WAS ABLE TO SEARCH THE ROOM MYSELF.
I FOUND THE WALL EMPTY. THE CASE, THE PUPPETS, TOULON'S DIARY— ALL GONE.
SO TOO WAS THE OCCUPANT OF THE ROOM, THE FILM ACTOR CHUCK DALTON.
CHUCK DALTON?!
DAMNATION CAPTAIN...
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
YES, WE MUST MOVE FAST. THE DIARY MAY BE LOST, BUT IF THE ACCOUNTS ARE TRUE..
...THE SOURCE OF ITS SECRETS STILL EXISTS...
"WHAT SECRET? WHERE??"


CAIRO




TINKLE!
JINGLE!


DOCTOR ASK HIM IF THIS IS THE SHOP OF AHMED EL ESKANDER.

I AM HE, SIR... HOW MAY I HELP YOU?

YOU SPEAK ENGLISH. EXCELLENT.
HERR ESKANDER, IN LATE 1919 YOUR SHOP WAS VISITED BY A FRENCHMAN, ONE ANDRE TOULON.

1919?! THAT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO SIR
..AND MY SHOP IS VISITED BY MANY FRENCHMEN...
AHH, BUT YOU'D BE SURE TO REMEMBER THIS ONE... SHOW HIM THE PICTURE, GRUBER!

LET ME ASSIST YOUR MEMORY, HERR ESKANDER...
ON THE 19TH OF NOVEMBER 1919, THIS MAN, A PUPPETEER NAMED ANDRE TOULON, BOUGHT A PAPYRUS FROM YOU...
TRANSLATED, IT REFERRED TO THE PROCESS OF REANIMATION... BRINGING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE, HERR ESKANDER...
...IT SPOKE OF THE SECRET RESIDING IN THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS.
NO, YOU ARE MISTAKEN. ANOTHER SHOP PERHAPS, OR ANOTHER...
UNNH!!
NO SIR, PLEASE, I NEVER...
NOW WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF YOUR EGYPTIAN LIES, ESKANDER...
I HAVE HERE THE PARCHMENT YOU SOLD HIM...
...WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE DATE OF PURCHASE SCRAWLED ON THE BACK IN THE PUPPET MASTER'S OWN HAND.
I HAVE HEARD TELL HE RETURNED TO THIS SHOP IN SEARCH OF THE TEMPLE'S LOCATION. NOW IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, ANSWER TRUTHFULLY...
WHERE IS THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS?

I SWEAR I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW!
IT'S LOCATION IS UNKNOWN, GUARDED BY A CURSE! NONE WOULD DARE THE JACKAL'S WRATH!!
ALLAH, NO, WAIT!... I...
THERE IS THIS MAN...
...A ONE-EYED MAN FROM THEBES...
IT IS SAID HE KNOWS THE LOCATION... PERHAPS HE AND THE PUPPETEER MET...
THIS "ONE EYE"- YOU KNOW HOW TO REACH HIM?
YES SIR, CERTAINLY SIR... ...IF YOU RETURN TOMORROW, 3 O'CLOCK..
I'M SURE BY THEN I WILL HAVE YOUR ANSWER... IF THAT IS WHAT YOU TRULY WANT...
VERY WELL ESKANDER, YOU HAVE YOUR DAY. BUT IF WE RETURN TO FIND YOU'VE BEEN FOOLING WITH US...
"...YOU'VE BEEN WARNED..."

CREAK!
SISSH!
AHHH!!!
NO NO DEVILS"
VZZZZZZ
ALLAH PROTECT ME!

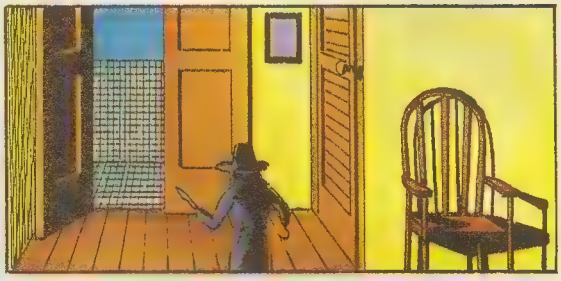
AIEEE!
...NO LITTLE ONE..."
...THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR THAT HERE.

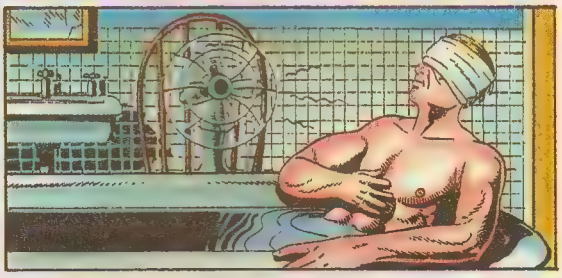
WE SHOULDN'T BE DISTURBED HERE...THE ENGLISH TEND TO STAY CLEAR OF THIS QUARTER..
I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY..
LOVELY, ISN'T SHE? IF YOU WANT HER DOCTOR...
...SHE CAN BE YOURS FOR 15 PFENNIGS... ... HERR DOKTOR?
WHY? WHAT DID YOU HEAR?
THAT SKINNY FELLOW THERE WAS TALKING SOME RUBBISH ABOUT DEMONS EATING OUT AN ART DEALER'S BRAIN, HALF AN HOUR AGO...
WHAT!?!
AND A CURIOUS THING, SOUNDED LIKE IT HAPPENED RIGHT ROUND THE AREA OF THAT FELLOW ESKANDER'S SHOP.
WAIT HERE!!
WHAT THE-?
LET HIM GO...
"...WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO INTEREST US RIGHT HERE..."

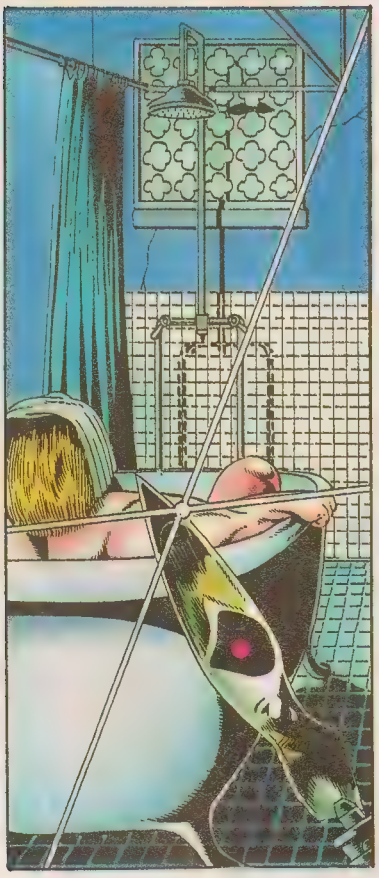
CAPTAIN LOEMANN, WHAT IS THE MATTER? YOU'VE COME OVER PALE...
THEY'RE HERE, SWEET JESUS, THEY'RE HERE...
WHAT-- WHO? WHO'S HERE?
...THE ANTIQUE DEALER, HE'S DEAD, MURDERED, HIS BRAINS DRILLED OUT, MY GOD...
CAPTAIN LOEMANN, IT'S TIME YOU TOLD HERR GRUBER AND I EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON.
NO HERR GRUBER, I WON'T CALM DOWN...
...LAST YEAR I WAS APPROACHED AT THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES WITH ORDERS, ORDERS FROM THE S.S. HIGH COMMAND TO TRANSLATE A SERIES OF JOURNALS AND PAPYRUS IN SECRET...
...FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FATHERLAND I HAPPILY COMPLIED..." BUT FAR FROM THEM HAVING ANY POLITICAL OR MILITARY WORTH, THEY COMPRISED THE OBSERVATION OF A SUPERSTITIOUS OLD MAN, THIS 'ANDRE TOULON'...
...OBSERVATIONS IN THE FIELDS OF ALCHEMY, PAGAN MYTHOLOGY AND THE OCCULT...
OBSERVATIONS THAT YOU, CAPTAIN LOEMANN, AND OTHERS IN THE S.S. SEEM TO BE TAKING ALL TOO SERIOUSLY...
FOR NOW I FIND MYSELF CONSCRIPTED INTO A QUASI-RELIGIOUS TREASURE HUNT IN WHICH THEY'RE BEING USED BY YOU AS CLUES...
...AND BY SOMEONE ELSE AS THE BASIS OF MURDER!

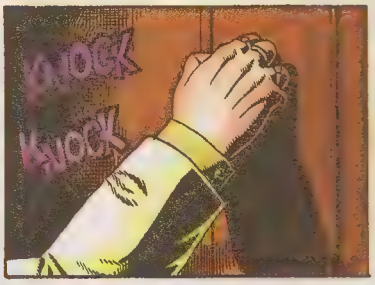
VERY WELL, HERR DOKTOR... I APPRECIATE THAT YOU DIDN'T VOLUNTEER FOR THIS MISSION...
...YES, NOW THAT YOUR LIVES TOO ARE IN DANGER...
... PERHAPS YOU AND HERR GRUBER DO DESERVE SOME ANSWERS
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I CAN...
" IT BEGAN OVER TWELVE MONTHS AGO IN BERLIN. ANDRE TOULON AND HIS WIFE ELSA WERE ACCUSED OF SEDITION BY A MEMBER OF THE HITLER YOUTH ...
"... WHEN I AND MY STAFF PAID THEM A VISIT... TOULON'S WIFE WAS KILLED WHILE ATTACKING THE CHILD...
"... ABOUT A MONTH LATER, JUST PRIOR TO TOULON'S FLIGHT TO AMERICA, THE BOY AND MY SECRETARY KARL WERE MURDERED IN REVENGE...
"... THEIR FOREHEADS WERE OPENED AND THEIR BRAINS SUCKED OUT...
... AND PRESENT AT THE SCENE WERE PUPPET-SIZED BLOODIED FOOTPRINTS ... "
EXACTLY THE SAME METHOD USED TO KILL ESKANDER, THE ANTIQUE DEALER.
SO YOU BELIEVE THE PUPPET MASTER KILLED ESKANDER TO PREVENT HIM CONTACTING "ONE-EYE"...
... TO KEEP THE TOMB'S LOCATION A SECRET?
NO. ANDRE TOULON'S DEAD. I SAW THAT MYSELF.
"THEN WHO...?"
I BELIEVE ESKANDER WAS KILLED BY THE MASTER'S PUPPET.

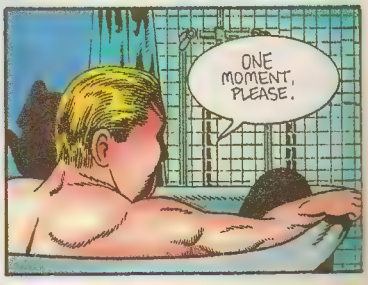
CREEAK

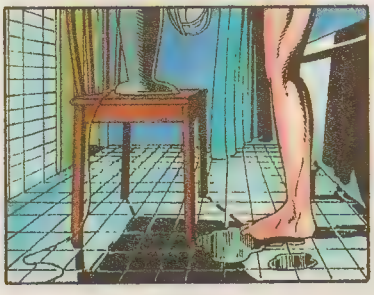


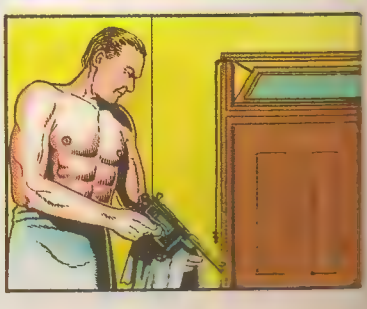





KNOCK
KNOCK


ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.





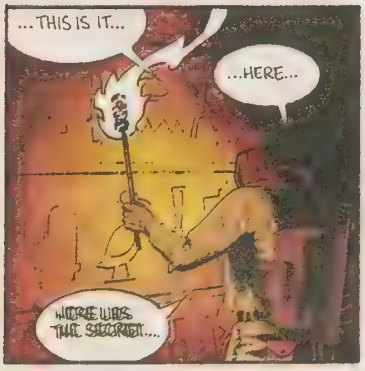
CAPTAIN LOEMANN?
JA?
CAPTAIN LOEMANN I AM MR IBR...AM THE HOTEL MANAGER THIS MAN CLAIMS THAT YOU'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HIM. HE WISHES TO OFFER YOU HIS SERVICES...
I WOULD BE HONOURED TO TRANSLATE
THANK YOU IBRIHAM BUT THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. THAT WILL BE ALL.
BUT SIR, HIS PRICE, IT'S SURE TO BE EXORBITANT, HE'S FROM THEBES SIR, TO NEGOTIATE WITH MEN SUCH AS THESE IS A DELICATE...
THAT WILL BE ALL, THANK YOU!
"AS YOU WISH, SIR..."
HERR DOKTOR...
...OUR LUCK, IT SEEMS, HAS CHANGED

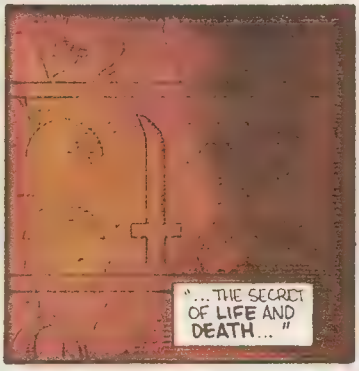
THEBES
ANOTHER DAY'S RIDE ON THOSE VILE SMELLING BRUTES AND I'LL BE RUINED FOR LIFE... Oooh MM BACK...
NOT AS COMFORTABLE AS A BELLY DANCER EH DOCTOR?
Hmph. WELL I JUST HOPE ALL THIS IS WORTH IT.
WORTH IT HERR DOKTOR?
THE SECRET OF ANIMATION?
THE ABILITY TO BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE?
DOCTOR, WITH SUCH POWER THE ARMIES OF THE 3RD REICH WOULD BE INVINCIBLE!
THAT, HERR DOKTOR, IS WORTH ANY PRICE!!

AAAAA!
YIII!
KREUZ-
DONNERWETTER!!
YAAA!
AIEE!
AAAGH!

THOSE SCREAMS, THEY SEEM TO BE ALL AROUND US!
CHECK THE CAMELS, I'LL CHECK ON THE OTHERS!
YARAAA
AIEEE
EEEEE
AIEEEE
AHHH
YOU, ONE EYE, WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING?
'ANUBIS'
"ANUBIS"? WHAT RUBBISH IS THIS? IF YOU...
WAIT, GET THE DOCTOR, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET SOME SENSE OUT OF THIS...
...my god...
DOCTOR!!
NO!!

WHAT NOW LOEMANN ?
WE HAVE PROVISIONS AND CAMELS ENOUGH. WE GO ON.
BUT WITHOUT THE DOCTOR TO TRANSLATE HOW DO YOU PLAN TALKING TO "ONE-EYE"
IT MATTERS NOT. HE KNOWS WHAT WE WANT.
PRRRRR
JACKALS .
EXCELLENT MARKSMANSHIP GRUBER, WELL DONE.
THIS CAVE, THIS IS THE PLACE?
..."ANUBIS"...
ENOUGH! INSIDE! MOVE!


...THIS IS IT...
...HERE...
WHERE WAS THE SECRET...


"... THE SECRET OF LIFE AND DEATH..."

FIND YOURSELF A COMFORTABLE PLACE TO GUARD ONE-EYE... THIS MAY TAKE AN HOUR OR SO.

TAKE YOUR TIME... OUR "FRIEND" ISN'T GOING ANY-WHERE...

CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR, GRUBER, IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS CAMERA! AND NOW, YOU CAN FIND OUR RETURN PATH TO THEBES?
YES, IT LIES ON A STRAIGHT BEARING 37° NE OF THE VALLEY ENTRANCE.
EXCELLENT...
YAAIEE!!

ZZZZzzz!!
AAAHHH!!
THE PUPPETS HERE!!
LOEMANN!!
FRITZ!!
FOR GOD'S SAKE HELP ME AAHH!!
FRITZ!
"...DON'T LEAVE ME!!"
N-UK!
KA-B
M!

"BUT COUSIN... I'M TOTALLY CONFUSED...
"...WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE THE CHILDREN KILL THEM ALL IN CAIRO WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE?"

IT WOULD HAVE MEANT PICKING THEM OFF ONE-BY-ONE...
THEN ONCE ONE-EYE SHOWED UP IT WAS SIMPLY TOO RISKY TO TRY TO TAKE OUT ALL FOUR WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE CITY...

"...EVEN ISOLATED IN THE DESERT NIGHT IT WAS STILL IMPOSSIBLE TO CLAIM THEM ALL IN ONE ATTACK, SO WE REDUCED THEIR NUMBERS BY FIRST SCARING OFF 'ONE-EYE' AND THE OTHER ARABS...
"...AT WHICH TIME THE DOCTOR WAS REGRETFULLY KILLED."
REGRET-FULLY?

THE OBJECT WAS ALWAYS TO PROTECT THE SECRET, NOT KILL GERMANS, ANDRE...
THE DOCTOR WAS KILLED BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE EASILY RECOGNISED THAT I WASN'T THE REAL 'ONE-EYE'...
...ONCE I FAILED TO UNDERSTAND ARABIC
"AND WHY DID YOU LET ONE-EYE LIVE?"

"AGAIN, I GAUGED HIS DEATH TOO RISKY. I DIDN'T BELIEVE HE COULD BE KILLED AND HIS BODY DISPOSED OF QUICKLY ENOUGH OR WITHOUT LEAVING EVIDENCE...
"BESIDES COUSIN, WITH THE TOMB DESTROYED, HIS KNOWLEDGE OF ITS LOCATION ISN'T A THREAT..."
...ASSUMING THAT'S ALL HE KNOWS...

AND THEN YOU GUIDED THEM YOUR-SELF?
MY MAJOR CONCERN WAS THAT I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THE GERMANS KNEW OF THE TOMB'S LOCATION...BY ASSUM-ING ONE-EYE'S IDENTITY I WAS ABLE TO GUARANTEE THAT THEY WOULDN'T REACH IT FIRST.
BUT WHY LET THEM TAKE THE PHOTOS?

"IT WAS A STALL. THE PUPPETS NEEDED TIME TO PLANT THE DYNAMITE."
I'M SORRY, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
YOU SAID THAT THE ONE WITH THE CAMERA ESCAPED?!
GOOD GOD PAUL, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

"RELAX ANDRE....EVEN IF HE DOES FIND HIS WAY OUT OF THE DESERT... THE PHOTOS HE TOOK WON'T BE ANY USE...
"...AND WE HAVE THE JESTER AND HIS TOUCH TO THANK FOR THAT!"
BLANK, EVERY ONE?
YES, HERR KRON, SOMEHOW EVERY ROLL OF FILM WAS EXPOSED.
BUT HOW?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? IT'S BEEN DONE...
...IT'S DONE...
HMM... CLEVER... WITH THE FILM EXPOSED...
...THE TOMB DESTROYED... AND IT'S A SAFE BET THAT THE DIARY HAS BEEN LIKEWISE DISPOSED OF...
IT RATHER APPEARS THE SECRET OF THE HEIROGLYPHICS IS LOST FOREVER
NOT SO, HERR KRON...
THE SECRET STILL EXISTS...
...NOT 100 MILES FROM THIS VERY ROOM...
THE PUPPETS, HERR KRON...
...THE SECRET LIES WITHIN THE PUPPETS THEMSELVES!